



Overbite



horror

dentist

murder

52 1 3

Chapter 1 by That Grammar Geek

I've always hated the dentist. Even in to my 50's, the process of having metal tools sting your tongue with their iron flavor like blood disgusts me. Even the dentists kind of scare me.

Especially Dr. Potter, the local dentist of Lake Weir. His teeth are crooked and yellow, even though he has a full set of cleaning utensils at his disposal. Once I had a nightmare about him murdering a patient with a metal hook.

I seriously never thought I'd need to go see him, and I never wanted to. I had braces twice when I was little, I never had a cavity, and my teeth are perfectly white.

But yesterday while flossing, (see, don't need a dentist) I noticed that I have somewhat of an overbite. I was hesitant, but scheduled a meeting with Dr. Potter for this afternoon. I swear, if this man doesn't kill me today, I'll go to the dentist every year for the rest of my life.

Chapter 2 by celloandjello



I timidly opened the door to Dr. Potter's office. The walls were all white, and a sterile smell filled my nose. I closed the door behind me and went to the counter.

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I sat down and looked about nervously and waited for a while. Dr. Potter was definitely taking his sweet time. I was getting impatient, and finally decided to wander around a bit.

I came through a hallway that split into two. Looking down the right, I saw that that was where the bathrooms are located. I took note of that, and decided to go down the left hallway. I just started to walk when I heard a scream coming from further down the hallway. The scream was a scream filled with fear. I felt a chill go through me.

Despite my fear, I'm a good person, and being a good person, I naturally wanted to know what was wrong and to see if I can help. So I jogged down the hallway to the room from where I heard the scream. More screaming came from inside. I grasped the door handle and pulled the door open. Instantly, my blood ran cold.

There was blood on the floor. Crimson. Staining the floor. And there was Dr. Potter, standing over the patient with his back towards me. In his hand he held a giant metal hook. Dripping with blood.

My nightmare had come true.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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